



NO. 8 00024  
MAR. 75/CDC

all new  
The FLINTSTONES STARRING

# DINO

Hanna-Barbera  
Production



00024

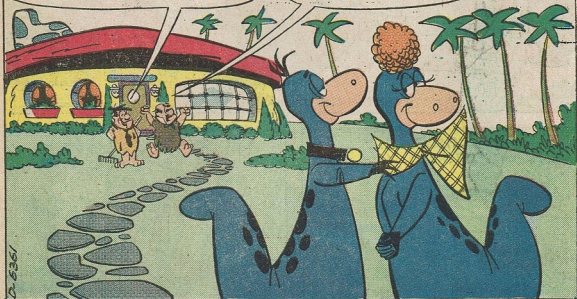
# DINO

in

**LOVE  
FINDS  
AWAY**

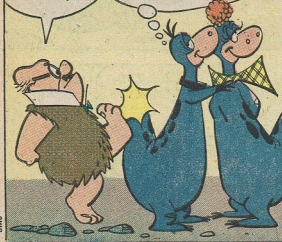
AIN'T LOVE GRAND, MR. SLATE? FIFI AND DINO FELL FOR EACH OTHER IN A BIG WAY!

STOP THEM! KEEP THAT MONGREL AWAY FROM MY PEDIGREED PET!



CUT THAT OUT!

HE'S BEGINNING TO IRRITATE ME!



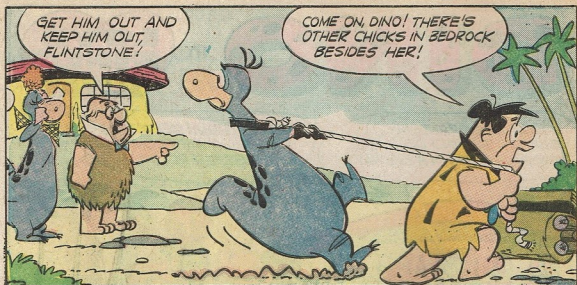
NO, DINO!

GET HIM AWAY FROM ME OR YOU'RE FIRED, FLINTSTONE!



DINO Vol. 3, No. 8, March, 1975.

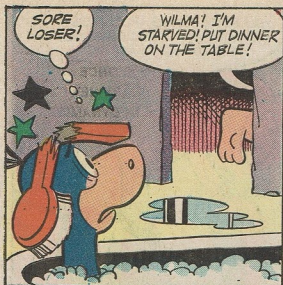
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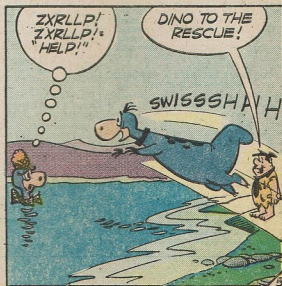


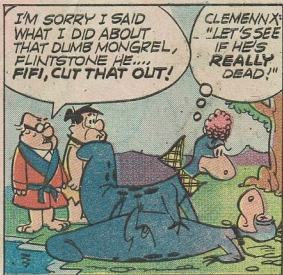
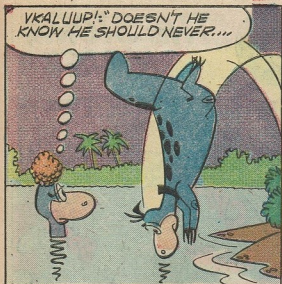














# DINO <sup>IN</sup> "THE STORM KING"

YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE DINO CREDIT, WILMA! REMEMBER HOW SCARED HE USED TO BE OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING?

WELL I STILL AM, FRED! I'M GOING TO BED!

CRASH  
RUMBLE BOOM

D-5/23

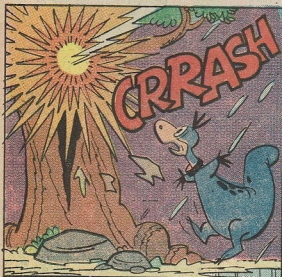
I GET NERVOUS WHEN IT STORMS LIKE THIS, FRED!

DON'T BE AFRAID, WILMA!

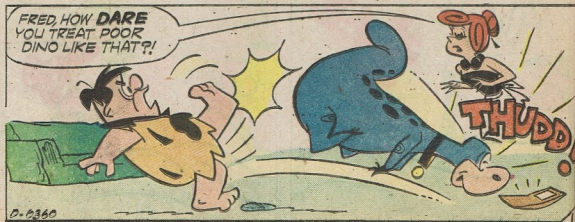
JUST THINK OF HOW SCARED DINO USED TO BE, WILMA!—

THAT'S EXACTLY HOW FRIGHTENED I STILL AM!

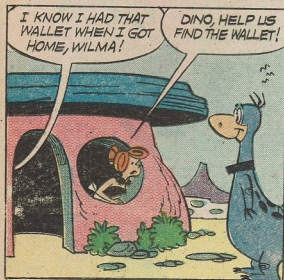
CRASH! RUMBLE



# DINO in "DUMMY?"



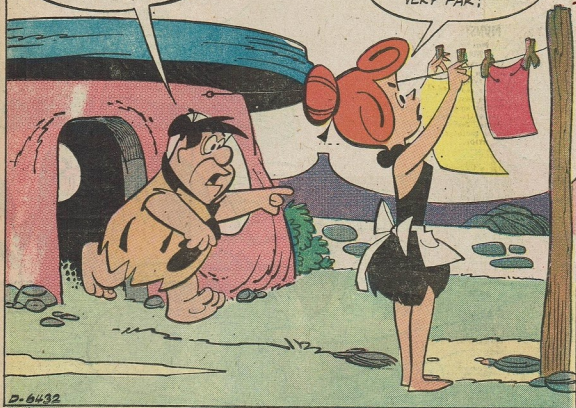




# DINO in "SHORT TRIP"

WILMA! DINO'S  
LEFT HOME AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, FRED...  
HE NEVER GOES  
VERY FAR!



# DINO in "AFTER-EFFECTS"

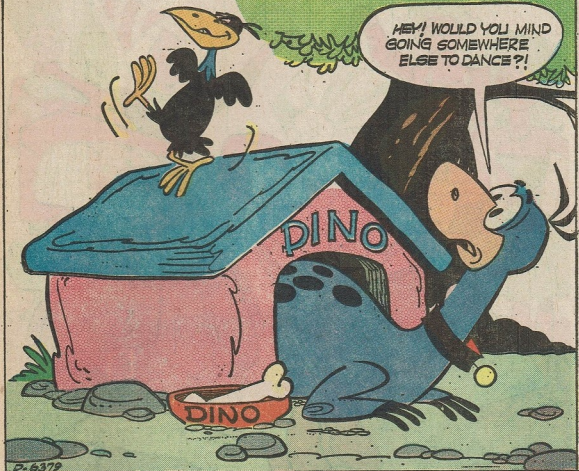




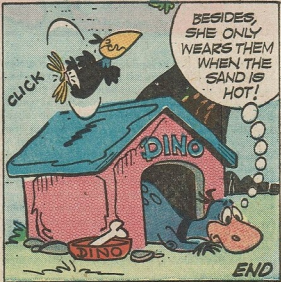
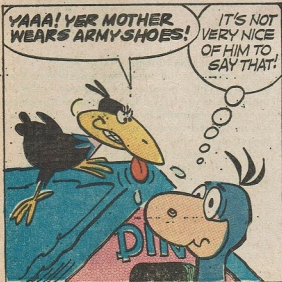
# DINO in "HIGHPOCKETS"



# DINO in "THE INTRUDER"

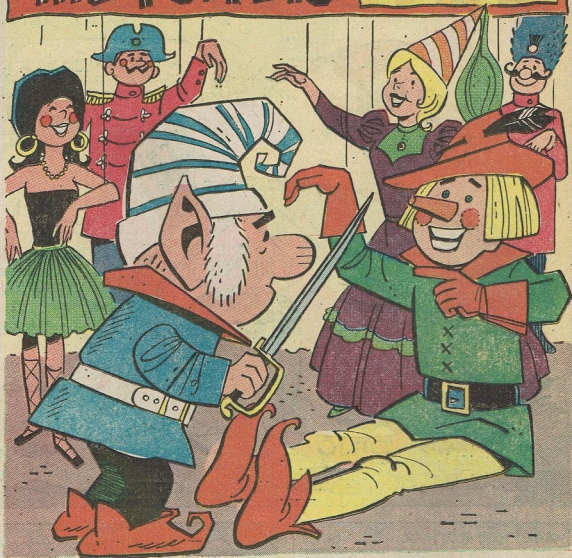


D-6379



# THE PUPPETS

STORY: NICOLA CUTI  
ART: BILL WILLIAMS



In the woods, just beyond Kingsly Village, a group of children were watching a puppet show that was being put on by a traveling puppeteer called Brioschi. Also watching the show, from a tree, so that he would not be seen by anyone, was a four inch high elf called Lok. Lok was enjoying the show as much as the children and he clapped along with them when a white-faced, red-cheeked marionette said or did something witty. And when the clever play had ended he cheered and applauded even though he knew that no one would hear him, being as small as he was, but he did not leave when the children departed for their homes. He had never seen a marionette puppet up close and so after everyone had gone and the lights went out in Brioschi's wagon the elf climbed down from the tree. Quietly, he approached the stage and

slipped behind the curtain.

The backdrops, on which the scenery had been painted and all of the props were packed away so the stage was empty, except for the puppets. They were lying down or seated in corners, looking as if they were asleep. Lok went over to one of them and playfully tugged on its string.

"Ouch!" screamed the puppet.

Lok stood rooted to the floor in shock for even an ignorant elf like himself knew that a puppet cannot talk without a puppet master, who was fast asleep in his wagon. Then the puppet did something even more unusual, it stood up and stretched.

"Why did you wake me up?" it asked Lok. "It isn't morning yet."

Then the puppet noticed that Lok was not a fellow



puppet but a stranger and it remarked: "Hey, you're not a puppet! You haven't any strings tied to you."

"I'm an elf," admitted Lok and this seemed to bring joy to the puppet because he immediately woke all the other puppets.

"We're all elves," said the puppet. "My name is Seth, from the village of Bric."

"What a coincidence," said Lok, who was much relieved to discover that the living puppets were actually elves. "I come from Brac, which is just across the stream from Bric."

Just then a girl puppet-elf stepped forward to ask: "Will you help us? Brioschi has held us captive for so long and I want to go home."

"What happened to all of you?"

Seth accepted the responsibility of telling Lok their story. "We were looking for berries, one day, when one of us spied a castle in a clearing and we all went to see it. The castle was made of cardboard. It was nothing more than a prop from Brioschi's puppet show and after we were all inside he locked the door on us and carried us off to his wagon."

From that day on we replaced the puppets in his show. He gave us costumes, painted our faces, and held us prisoners by tying us to his stage."

Lok glanced upward and saw that their strings were fastened to the top of the stage.

"Brioschi is a lazy man and we save him a lot of work because he doesn't have to pull our strings. All he has to do is teach us a play and we do the rest."

"Why don't you cut your strings with your swords," suggested Lok.

"Our swords are just cardboard props," explained Seth. "They wouldn't cut anything."

"Mine is real," said Lok. As he pulled it from his belt everyone burst into a cheer.

"Be quiet," warned Seth, "or you'll wake up Brioschi."

All the elves lowered their voices because now that they were so close to being freed they didn't want to spoil it by waking their captor. One by one, Lok went to each elf and with the blade of his sword, that was given to him by a pixie, he cut the strings from the hands and legs of the elves. As the last string was cut they heard a voice outside say: "What's going on in there?"

"Brioschi," said Seth with alarm. "Everyone, li-

down beneath your strings and pretend that you're asleep."

"It might work," thought Lok. Since the strings were still dangling from the ceiling, in the dim light perhaps Brioschi would not notice that they had been cut.

Brioschi threw the curtains aside and held a lantern



at the stage front. His hair and beard were so long that his head nearly filled the opening.

"Are you really asleep in there," he bellowed, "or was that your chattering I heard?"

No one moved. Brioschi was about to drop the curtains when he noticed Lok.

"You there," he said. "You're not one of my puppets!"

"Run!" came the command from Seth and all of the elves dashed for the stage front so rapidly that they were past Brioschi before he realized what had happened. As soon as he was over his surprise he began to chase after them.

"He's bound to catch some of us," said Seth.

"Not if you all follow me," answered Lok.

The crafty Lok knew something which the others couldn't have known and that was where a snare trap was hidden. As Brioschi was about to reach the fleeing elves, he stepped into a loop of rope that was hidden beneath some leaves and sprung the trap. In seconds he found himself hanging upside down from a tree.

"Well," said Seth to the helpless Brioschi. "You've had us dangling from strings for a long time. Now see how you like it."

All of the elves laughed as they escaped into the woods and when Brioschi was finally cut down in the morning, he vowed never to look upon another elf again.



# DINO in "SUE WHAT?"

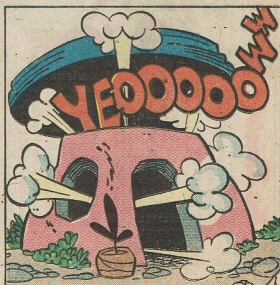
I TOLD YA, WE DON'T  
NEED A...**YEEEEOW!**

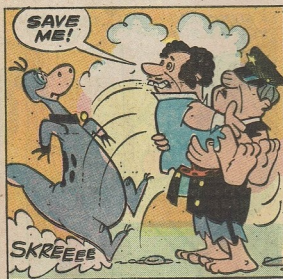
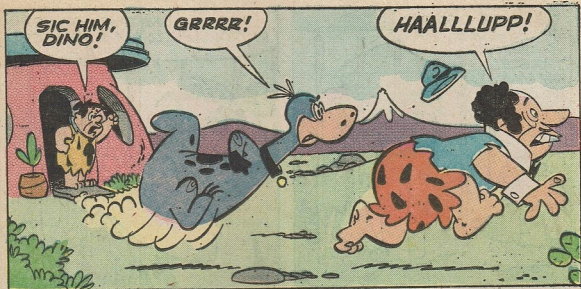
BESIDES SHINING SHOES,  
OPENING CANS, REMOVING  
TEETH AND CLIPPING TOE  
NAILS, IT PULLS CORKS!  
HERE'S HOW IT WORKS!



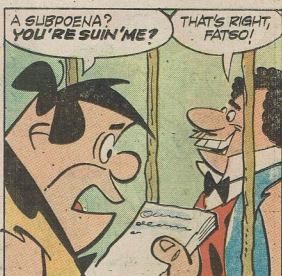
IN ADDITION, IT REMOVES  
SPOTS! **AHH...THERE'S  
SOME SPOTS!**

?!

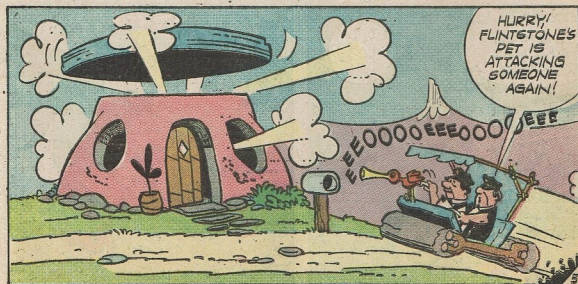




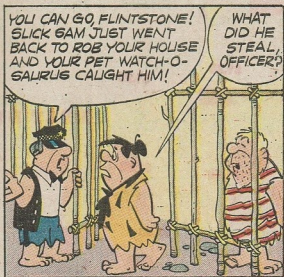










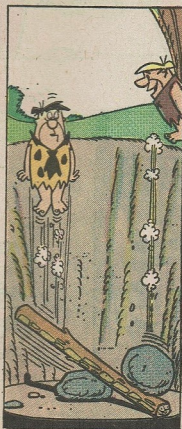
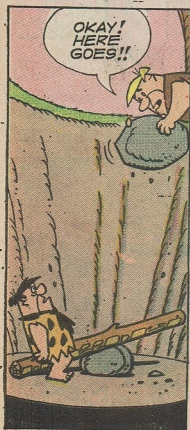


#### DINO GOT HIS REWARD



# FRED

RESCUED?



# DINO in "BOOMERANG"

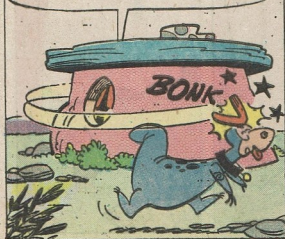
LOOK WHAT I INVENTED! I  
CALL IT A "COMEBACK STICK!"

WHAT'S IT  
FOR, FRED?



D-6380

NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU THROW  
IT, IT ALWAYS COMES BACK!



YOU'VE GOT A  
GREAT MIND,  
FRED!

AWW  
SHADDUP!

